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## Harfina Soap

is like no other soap, you can get. Its ingredients—pine tar, olive oil and almond oil—are all combined in such a way that their effects upon hair, scalp and skin are wonderfully beneficial.

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duplicitly. She went off for a walk alone, leaving him safely anchored in what he afterwards came to look upon as a pre-arranged game of auction-bridge. When she came in after an absence of at least two hours, the game was just breaking up. He noted the questioning look that Mrs. Gaston bestowed upon her fair charge, and also remarked that it contained no sign of reproof. The girl went up to her room without so much as a word with him. Her face was flushed and she carried her head disdainfully. He was greatly puzzled.

The puzzle was soon explained. He waited for her on the stairway as she came down alone to dinner.

"You told me that your friends were not in Interlaken, Mr. Schmidt," she said coldly. "Why did you feel called upon to deceive me?"

He bit his lip. For an instant he reflected, and then gave an evasive answer. "I think I told you that I was alone in this hotel, Miss Guile. My friends are at another hotel. I am not aware that—"

"I have seen and talked with that charming old man, Mr. Totten," she interrupted. "He has been here for days, and Mr. Dank as well. Do you think that you have been quite fair with me?"

He lowered his eyes. "I think I have been most fair to both of us," he replied. "Will you believe me when I say that in a way I personally requested them to leave this hotel and seek another? And will it decrease your respect for me if I add that I wanted to have you all to myself, so to speak, and not to feel that these good friends of mine were—"

"Why don't you look me in the face, Mr. Schmidt?" she broke in. He looked up at once prepared to meet a look of disdain. To his surprise, she was smiling. "I have talked it all over with Mrs. Gaston, and she advised me to forgive you if you were in the least penitent and—honest. Well, you have made an honest confession. I am satisfied. Now, I have a confession to make. I have suspected all along that Mr. Totten and Mr. Dank and the shadowy Mr. Gouron were in the town."

"You suspected?" he cried in amazement and chagrin.

"I was morally certain that they were here. Today my suspicions were justified. I encountered Mr. Totten in the park beyond the Jungfraublick. He was very much upset. I can assure you, but he recovered with amazing swiftness. We sat on one of the benches in a nice little nook and had a long, long talk. He is a charming man. I have asked him to come to luncheon with us tomorrow, and to bring Mr. Dank."

"Good Lord, will wonders never—?" "But I did not include the still invisible Mr. Gouron. I was afraid that you would be too uncomfortable under the hawk-like eye of the gentleman who so kindly warned us at the Pavilion Bleu." There was gentle raillery in her manner. "I shall expect you to join us, Mr. Schmidt. You have no other engagement?"

"I—I shall be delighted," he stammered.

She laid her hand gently upon his arm and a serious sweetness came into her eyes.

"Come," she said; "let us go in ahead of Mrs. Gaston. Let us have just one little minute to ourselves, Mr. Schmidt."

It was true that she came upon the Count in one of the paths of the Kleine Rugen. He was walking slowly toward her, his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon the ground. When she accosted him, he was plainly confused, as she had said. After the first few passages in polite though stilted conversation, his keen, gray eyes resumed their thoughtful—it was even a calculating look.

"Will you sit here with me for a while, Miss Guile?" he asked gently. "I have something of the gravest importance to say to you."

SHE sat beside him on the sequestered bench, and when she arose to leave him an hour later, her cheek was warm with color and her eyes were filled with tenderness toward this grim, staunch old man who was the friend of her friend. She laid her hand in his and suffered him to raise it to his lips.

"I hope, my dear young lady," said he with simple directness, "that you will not regard me as a stupid, interfering old meddler. God is my witness, I have your best interests at heart. You are too good and beautiful to—"

"I shall always look upon you as the kindest of men!" she cried impulsively, and left him.

He stood watching her slender, graceful figure as she moved down the sloping path and turned into the broad avenue. A smallish man with a lean face came



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